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A Camp Fire Cinderella

A Camp Fire Play in One Act

By
MRS. ARTHUR T. SEYMOUR
Author of "The Unselfish Violet," "The Mystic Seven," "The Protest of the Trees," etc.

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
1918

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A Camp Fire Cinderella

CHARACTERS

MRS. JACKSON, *fond of the Twins.*
MILLY, TILLY } *the Twins; Camp Fire Girls.*
GERTRUDE, *the younger sister and willing slave.*
HELEN, *friend of the Twins, also a Camp Fire Girl.*
MISS RUTH SLOAN, *a Torch Bearer.*

TIME.—Early Saturday afternoon.

COSTUMES

MRS. JACKSON is dressed for the street.

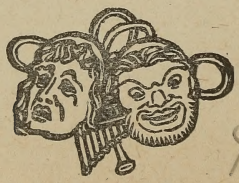
THE TWINS and HELEN wear rather fancy afternoon dresses.

GERTRUDE wears an extremely plain gingham school dress or a middy suit.

MISS SLOAN wears street dress, with a large silk scarf around shoulders.

NOTE

A second act may be arranged to this play by having a Ceremonial meeting and have Miss Sloan present Gertrude and the Twins as applicants for the Rank of Wood Gatherer.



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OCT -9 1917

no 1.

A Camp Fire Cinderella

SCENE.—*A sitting-room. Table at* L., *couch at rear, sewing-machine at* R., *two or three chairs. A mirror on wall. Ceremonial dress on couch, books, work-basket on table. Two exits, one each side of stage.*

(*When curtain rises,* GERTRUDE *is seen at table working at a head-band on a loom.*)

GERTRUDE (*holding up head-band and looking at it*). Isn't that lovely! (*Rises, goes to mirror, tries it against forehead.*) I wish I could be a Camp Fire Girl! My sisters say that I must wait at least two years. (*Sits by table and resumes work on head-band.*) I suppose I am too young to know and do all the lovely things for which they earn Honors.

Enter MRS. JACKSON *and the* TWINS *from* R.

MRS. J. It is nearly time for the train, so I must hurry. (*Goes to mirror, adjusts hat and puts on gloves while speaking.*) How are you girls going to amuse yourselves while I am in town?

TILLY. I am going to finish my Ceremonial dress. We have a meeting to-night and we receive our rings and the Rank of Wood Gatherer.

MRS. J. Then you will feel rewarded for all the hard work you have done for the last two months. Milly darling, what are you planning to do before the meeting?

MILLY. I have a headache! I don't think I shall do anything.

MRS. J. Oh, my dear, I am so sorry. Go lie down

and rest. Gertrude can bathe your head; that will help it. You must be well this evening. Good-bye, dear.

(*Kisses her.*)

MILLY. Don't forget my silk blouse!

TILLY. You promised me new gloves and silk stockings!

MRS. J. I'll get them.

(*Kisses* TILLY; *moves toward door.*)

GERTRUDE (*rising*). Good-bye, mother.

MRS. J. (*carelessly, over her shoulder*). Good-bye, Gertrude. Be a good little girl! Be sure you have supper ready for me this evening. I shall be home about half-past six, unless I miss the train.

GERTRUDE. Mother, won't you bring me some candy? Please?

MRS. J. Certainly not! Candy is not good for you. (*To the* TWINS.) Good-bye, dears. (*Goes out,* R.)

(GERTRUDE *sighs, sits down to work again.* TILLY *takes dress from couch and goes to sewing-machine.*)

TILLY. Gertrude, come thread this thing for me! I never can get it right!

(GERTRUDE *goes to machine;* MILLY *takes up head-band, examines it.*)

MILLY. Gertrude! Isn't this head-band done yet? You certainly are slow! You know I must have it to-night or I cannot have my ring! (*She suddenly squeals.*) Oh, you careless thing! (*Slaps* GERTRUDE.) You have made a terrible mistake in the pattern! You have spoiled it all and you are just mean enough to have done it on purpose! (*Throws head-band down angrily.*)

GERTRUDE (*taking up head-band and looking at it closely*). There is only one bead wrong. I did that last night when I couldn't see the colors. It won't show around here on the side and to-morrow I'll rip it out and do it all over again.

(MILLY *sits on couch;* GERTRUDE *sits at table.*)

TILLY (*stitching furiously*). Why didn't you do it yourself, lazy!

MILLY. You know I began it! Gertrude made over half of yours, too, so you needn't say anything to me! Anyway, the Manual doesn't say you have to make it. It says you must "have a head-band." Oh, dear! How my head aches!

(*Sits on couch and holds head with both hands.*)

TILLY. Perhaps the next time you have a pound of candy you will pass it around! You deserve to have a headache!

GERTRUDE. Why don't you lie down till supper time? I'll get something from the medicine closet for your head. (*Goes out,* R., *runs back with small jar in her hand.*) Here, let me rub some of this on your head.

(*She rubs it on* MILLY'S *head and returns to table.*)

TILLY (*breaking thread*). Gertrude! Come fix this! (GERTRUDE *goes to machine, fixes it.* TILLY *stitches again.* GERTRUDE *returns to table.*) Milly Jackson, do you know you have to make a cake or you cannot claim that honor for "Two kinds of cake and two kinds of bread"?

MILLY. Oh, bother! Gertrude, come get out the sugar and stuff for me! You'll have to light the gas oven, too. It always frightens me when it "pops."

GERTRUDE. I thought you wanted me to finish this head-band?

MILLY. Bring it along! You can work in the kitchen. You'll have to take out the cakes when they are baked! It will be all I can do to mix the batter. Oh, my poor head!

(*Exit,* L., *holding head.* GERTRUDE *gathers up loom, beads, etc., and follows.*)

TILLY. The way Milly makes that poor child do her work! I did nearly all my head-band and nobody has touched my dress. I'm so glad it is nearly finished! It is almost ready for the fringe.

GERTRUDE (*entering* L., *looks on table for something*). Tilly, do you know where Milly's cook book is?

TILLY. No, I do not! You needn't take mine, either! The last time she borrowed it she spilled chocolate all over it.

GERTRUDE. I'll lend her mine, then.

(*Takes book from table.*)

TILLY. The idea of a youngster like you having a cook book! Let me see it! (*Rises from machine, grabs book.*) Oh, you little sneak! You've copied all my best recipes!

(*Shakes her.*)

GERTRUDE. No really, I copied them from mother's book.

TILLY. Oh, yes! I'll believe that! (*Throws book on couch and returns to sewing.* GERTRUDE *picks up book and goes out* L. TILLY *holds up dress.*) There! Finally, that's ready for the fringe. (*Looks on table, couch, etc.*) Why, where is my fringe? Gertrude! Gertrude!

GERTRUDE (*running in,* L.). What do you want, Tilly?

TILLY. Where is my fringe? I left it right here on the table.

GERTRUDE. When I dusted the sitting-room this morning I put it away in your room, in the top bureau drawer.

TILLY. Well, go get it! You are a perfect nuisance! (GERTRUDE *goes out,* R.) I do wish she would let my things alone!

GERTRUDE (*running in, with fringe*). Here it is, Tilly!

TILLY. It took you long enough to get it!

(*Snatches fringe.*)

(GERTRUDE *goes out,* L. TILLY *spreads dress on table, measures fringe.* MILLY *enters,* L. *Drops down on couch.*)

MILLY. Oh, my poor head!

TILLY. Why don't you go to bed?

MILLY. I think I shall!

TILLY. Cake finished?

MILLY. No, Gertrude can finish it. Gertrude! Gertrude! (GERTRUDE *enters,* L.) Is that cake done yet?

GERTRUDE. I took out two layers; the other is nearly baked.

MILLY. Watch it! You nearly let the others burn; you had the oven too hot. (GERTRUDE *turns to go out.*) Oh, say, Gertrude! You'll have to make the filling! My head hurts so that I must go to bed! You know how to make that chocolate filling and be sure you don't let it get lumpy!

GERTRUDE (*wearily*). All right. (*Goes out,* L.)

TILLY. You certainly do impose upon that poor child!

MILLY. You needn't talk! Who dusted your room for you this morning?

TILLY. Who ironed the dress for which you claim an honor this evening?

MILLY. I washed it and had it nearly ironed when the girls came for me to play tennis. Gertrude just finished it.

TILLY. If I remember rightly, Gertrude starched it and hung it out also.

MILLY. Oh, my poor head! Where's that novel I was reading! (*Looks on table; finds a book.*) I must lie down! (*Goes out,* R.)

TILLY (*laughing, measures fringe, takes knife to cut it and cuts her finger*). Gertrude! Gertrude! Come quickly!

GERTRUDE (*entering,* L.). Oh, what has happened?

TILLY. I cut my finger—I'm bleeding to death—send for a doctor—oh, do something! Do something!

(TILLY *walks up and down holding her hand.*)

GERTRUDE. I'll fix it—wait a minute! (*She runs out,* R., *comes back with basin of water, bottle of peroxide and bandages.*) Sit down, Tilly. (TILLY *sits on couch;* GERTRUDE *kneels in front of her.*) Now we'll wash it in this nice warm water. That's not a deep cut. Now, some peroxide ——

TILLY. Will it hurt?

GERTRUDE. No, not a bit! (TILLY *squeals;* GERTRUDE

bandages her finger.) There, don't you worry; you'll be all right by evening.

(GERTRUDE *takes out basin, etc.*)

TILLY. Gertrude! Gertrude!

GERTRUDE (*entering,* R.). What is it, Tilly?

TILLY. You'll have to finish this dress for me! I cannot sew with this finger.

GERTRUDE. All right, I will after I put the icing on Milly's cake. Tilly, won't you ask your Guardian to-night if I may be a Camp Fire Girl? Please!

TILLY. Why, the idea! Of course not! You are too young!

Enter HELEN, R.

HELEN. Hello, girls! Where is Milly?

TILLY. She has a headache. Say, Helen, what do you think of this child? She wants to join our Camp!

(TILLY *and* HELEN *laugh.*)

HELEN. Cheer up, babe! You'll have to grow a little and learn to do quite a few more things before you can be a Camp Fire Girl. (HELEN *sits down in chair at* R.)

TILLY. Gertrude, go tell Milly that Helen is here and then hurry with that cake so that you can finish my dress.

(GERTRUDE *goes out,* R.)

HELEN. Miss Sloan will be here in a few minutes. She wants us to go to her house for supper and then go from there to the meeting.

TILLY. How lovely! Help me straighten up this room.

(*They fly around, fix couch cover, pillows, etc.*)

Enter MISS SLOAN, R.

MISS S. Good-afternoon, Tilly. Did Helen tell you that I wanted to take you home with me?

TILLY. Yes, Miss Sloan, she just told me.

MISS S. Why, what is the matter with your finger?

TILLY. I cut it terribly! I was finishing my dress for to-night. I had to stop sewing.

HELEN. Oh, then you won't have your dress for the Ceremonial this evening? I am so sorry!

TILLY. Oh, yes! Gertrude will finish it for me!

MISS S. Who bandaged your finger so neatly? I suppose Milly had a chance to practice "First Aid"!

TILLY. Oh, no! Gertrude did that.

Enter MILLY, R. *Her head is tied up in a large towel.*

MISS S. Good-afternoon, Milly. Are you ill?

MILLY. Yes; I have a headache!

(TILLY *and* HELEN *sit on couch.* MISS S. *sits in chair at* R.)

MISS S. I am so sorry! I wanted you three girls to come to my house for supper. Of course you won't feel like going. We will call for you this evening on our way to the meeting.

MILLY (*throwing off towel*). My head is lots better. Gertrude put on something that nearly cured it. Where is Gertrude? I want her to fix my hair! Gertrude! Gertrude! *Gertrude!!*

Enter GERTRUDE, R.

GERTRUDE. Did you call me, Milly? Oh, Miss Sloan! Good-afternoon.

MILLY. Yes, I want you to fix my hair, but first go get my cake.

(GERTRUDE *goes out,* L.)

HELEN. I wish I had a small sister to run errands.

Enter GERTRUDE, L., *carrying cake.*

GERTRUDE. Here's your cake, Milly.

MILLY (*taking cake and putting it on the table*). You didn't get the icing on smoothly! Why aren't you more careful? Is my head-band finished?

GERTRUDE. Yes.

MILLY. Go get it! (GERTRUDE *goes out,* L.)

MISS S. Gertrude seems to be a helpful little sister.

TILLY. What do you think, Miss Sloan! Gertrude wants to join the Camp! Did you ever hear of anything so absurd?

HELEN. Yes, isn't it absurd? (*The girls laugh.*)
MISS S. Is it absurd? She is old enough.
MILLY. Yes, but she doesn't know enough!

Enter GERTRUDE, L.

GERTRUDE. Here's your head-band, Milly.
MISS S. (*rising, takes band*). That is very nicely done! How much of it did you do, Gertrude?

(GERTRUDE *hesitates, looks at* MILLY *who is making faces at her.* TILLY *and* HELEN *rise and come forward.*)

TILLY. You had better own up, Milly! You only did three rows and Gertrude did the rest.
MISS S. Who made the cake?
MILLY. I mixed it! Gertrude only watched it bake and then, because my head ached, she made the filling and iced it; that's all she did!
MISS S. Oh, I see!
TILLY. Gertrude, I want to take a jar of orange marmalade with me to the meeting. Go get me one. You had better bring one of yours; they seem stiffer. I think mine hasn't stood quite long enough. (GERTRUDE *goes out,* L.) Come, Milly, let us get ready to go with Miss Sloan. Come with us, will you, Helen? Will you excuse us all, Miss Sloan?

(*They go out,* R.)

MISS S. (*looking after them*). Here is another case of Cinderella and the two older sisters. I think I will step into the story and play the "Fairy Godmother." (GERTRUDE *enters,* L., *carrying jar of orange marmalade. She puts it on the table.*) So you want to be a Camp Fire Girl, Gertrude?
GERTRUDE. Oh, yes! Miss Sloan!
MISS S. How old are you?
GERTRUDE. I was twelve last month.
MISS S. Why then, you can join!
GERTRUDE. Milly and Tilly say that I ought to be at least fourteen years old before I join. They say I do not know enough!

MISS S. Have you read the Manual and do you know the Wood Gatherer's Desire?

GERTRUDE. Oh, yes, Miss Sloan! I repeat the Law of the Fire every night before I go to sleep.

MISS S. (*musingly*). If you only had a Ceremonial dress ——

GERTRUDE. Don't tell the girls, please, but I made a dress and head-band hoping that I could join. (*She gets down, pulls box from under couch; produces full Ceremonial outfit.*) You see, I always clean the sitting-room; this is a perfectly safe place to hide it.

MISS S. Put it on. (*Helps her to dress.*) I am going to play Fairy Godmother and grant you your wish! To-night you shall become a Camp Fire Girl! Here come the girls—stand over here!

(*Takes scarf from shoulders, puts it over* GERTRUDE'S *head so as to conceal her face from the girls but not from audience. She places* GERTRUDE *at extreme* R. *of stage. The girls enter,* R. *The* TWINS *have hats on;* MILLY *has ceremonial dress over arm.*)

HELEN. Here we are, Miss Sloan, all ready!

TILLY. I must tell Gertrude to finish my dress and bring it to the meeting.

MILLY. She might as well bring mine, too, and the cake. Then we won't have to bother carrying bundles.

(MILLY *puts dress on couch;* TILLY *moves toward* L. *exit.*)

MISS S. Wait a moment. I have discovered a girl who is anxious to become a member of our Camp and who is in every way qualified to join. I am sure you will second her name when I propose it at our meeting to-night.

HELEN. Certainly, Miss Sloan, we will be glad to do so.

TILLY. Who is she?

MILLY. Do we know her, Miss Sloan?

MISS S. Yes, you know her slightly. You do not

know all her good qualities. (*She stands aside and discloses* GERTRUDE.) Let me present Minehaha.

(GERTRUDE *makes the hand sign of Fire.*)

TILLY. What a beautiful gown!

MISS S. (*to* TWINS). Tell me, girls, do you know the Wood Gatherer's Desire? Repeat it for me!

(TILLY *and* MILLY *begin, hesitate, get the Points of the Law mixed up and stop.*)

MILLY (*laughing*). I never can get the Points of the Law in their right order!

MISS S. Minehaha, will you repeat the Wood Gatherer's Desire?

GERTRUDE. It is my desire . . . etc.

TILLY (*to* MILLY). That's Gertrude!

MISS S. (*overhearing*). Yes, it's Gertrude!

(*Takes scarf off* GERTRUDE.)

TILLY. But, Miss Sloan, she really doesn't know enough!

MILLY. She shouldn't join for two years!

MISS S. What do you think she should know before she is old enough to join?

TILLY. Lots about sewing, housework ——

MILLY. And cooking—and ——

MISS S. Sewing! She knows enough to finish your Ceremonial dress, Tilly. Housework! She knows enough to "Always clean the sitting-room." Cooking! She knows how to make orange marmalade and she knew enough to more than half make your cake, didn't she, Milly?

MILLY (*reluctantly*). I suppose it is harder to bake a cake than to mix the batter.

MISS S. Don't you girls see what you are doing? Because Gertrude is willing to "Give Service," you are making a regular little Cinderella of her! I am sure you do not want to be the "Spiteful Sisters" of the old fairy tale! Do you think that is the right spirit for a Camp Fire Girl to show?

(TILLY *and* MILLY *look ashamed.*)

TILLY. No, Miss Sloan! We didn't realize what we were doing! I am sure, after this, we will "Give Service" also and we will be glad to have Gertrude become a Camp Fire Girl.

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